Old times in the country, where the sweetest violets growed; Best of all the best times that my heart has ever knowed! Feller loved a gal, he kissed the best an' sweetest one, An' old folks did their knittin' by the doorway, in the sun,

Old times in the country-I kin see 'em still, Hear the cool, sweet callin' of the copse-hid whippoorwill; Hear the midnight singln' of the thrillin' mockin' birds An', best of all, the music of my sweetheart's sweetest words!

Old times in the country-smoke a-curlin' blue From the old clay chimneys with the backlogs burnin' through! Old times in the country-wherever I may be, Them's the very best o' times to all my folks an' me! -Brank L. Stanton.



"Soft and dainty, like Kitty herself!"

the fingers of the glove, the smile re-

"What a chump I am, to be so ab-

"I will do that myself-presently."

retired suppressing a grin, as he

caught sight of the small white glove

lying among the litter of books and

"She's got a pretty little hand, has

Miss Kitty Waterford!" he solilo-

quized, as he selected a fresh piece of

cake. "And, if I know amything of

woman, John Hereford, Esq., lies in

CHAPTER II.

ning down to Pelham in the motor, her

lips compressed into a stern, deter-

KITTY TOOK THE GIRL'S THIN HAND IN

BOTH HER OWN.

mined line, that completely altered the

a narrow lane and came to a standstill

by a white gate, set in a high, thick

which ceased as suddenly as they had

begun as the clang of the old fashioned

Kitty Waterford's summons was an-

swered by a motherly looking person in

The girl was in no mood to admire

the innate good taste that character-

room, so engrossed was she in exam-

ining the photograph of a lovely wom

ognized the facsimile of the photo

woman's voice, caught her attention.

"But, my lamb, you must be reason-

"Reasonable!" echoed the passionate

voice. "When, not content with rob-

bing me of Jack, the horrid creature

comes here to gloat over the victory

"Hush-sh!" came the motherly voice

till a moment later the door of the

"Will you kindly walk this way,

patiently but firmly remon-

"I tell you I won't see her!"

strated the older woman.

drawing room opened.

other-Jack Hereford!

able!"

bell echoed through the quiet house.

that filled them.

Meanwhile, Kitty Waterford was spin-

"Very good, sir," said the boy, and

"Morton!"

up while I was out?"

the hollow of it."

I call this simply delightful! I | the threshold to pick up a small white wonder Jack never asked us to have glove, in his lodgings before, don't you. Aunt Jane? It's all so old world be murmured; and as he smoothed out

"Distinctly dusty?" supplemented asserted itself on his good-tempered the older woman, prosaically, "And if face, you take my advice, Kitty, you won't spoil your white gown by sitting an surdly put out just because I am dethose picturesque chairs."

"I'm too much excited to sit anyor two!" where," said the girl gayly. "It's so deliciously improper to be actually naving ten in Jack's rooms."

"I wish we were having tea," sighed the older woman, with a glance at the cake, oasis of white cloth and china in the midst of the masculine litter of books and papers.

"You poor auntle! Shall I make tea at once? Jack won't be very long now; phone; but, as she went away in a hurhe said half an hour at the outside, ry, perhaps I'd better ring up Dr. Roband-oh! there's that tiresome tele- erts and ask-" phone again! I suppose I had better answer it?"

"Well, considering Jack's boy has gone in quest of cake, it might be well to attend to his duties," said the older woman, dryly.

The girl laughed as she flitted into The inner room and took up the telephone receiver.

"That you, Hereford?" demanded masculine voice.

"Yes-at least-"Speak up, old man," interrupted the roice. "Sounds as though there was omething wrong at your end of the wire; your voice is a mere squeak, Can you bear me all right? Yes? Oh, well, that's all right, because I'm in a fearful hurry; but I just wanted to tell you I've been down to Pelham, and there was the devil's own row when I arrived at Rose cottage. The poor little girl has got it into her head that you are marrying Miss Waterford for the sake of her money. What? Oh. yes, of course, I explained and gave ber your message, about your marriage not making the slightest difference as far as she was concerned, and that you would run down to Rose cottage as often as possible, even---. What's that you say? No, I can't bear! There's decidedly something wrong at your end! Don't interrupt me if you can help it, old man, because I've a consultation at 4, and I staved longer

is, I got rather a fright about that poor little girl. She flew into a fearful passion when I hinted that Miss Waterford was a woman any man might be proud to fall in love with. "The fact is, you have spolled her

than I expected at Rose cottage. Fact

and now that the inevitable has happened, she utterly refuses to realize that she must play second fiddle to your wife. "It was no good telling her that you

were as fond of her as ever; butwhat's that? "A client, did you say? Aii right,

Il finish my yarn some other time; but, in the meantime, mind you sit tight about Rose cottage, and don't on any account go down there till I've seen you. Understand? Sorry, can't hear a word! I should get that wire attended to, if I were you! Good-by!"

Kitty Waterford replaced the telephone receiver and, drawing a deep good-bye, good-bye," the voice broke, breath, stared into the mirror opposite and the song ended in a storm of sobs, for a few moments, as if mutely inquiring of the pale, stern woman redected there, what had become of the bappy, smiling girl who, a few moments earlier, had glanced into its depths with the wholesome vanity of happy girlhood.

Then she rose to her feet, snatched into a long, low drawing room, disapup her big motor veil, and hurried into peared in quest of her mistress. the adjoining room,

"I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Jane," she said, apparently busy with a refracized the appointments of the pretty tory fold of the veil, "but I don't think we'd better wait for Jack. There was a telephone message that will make an that held the post of honor between our tea party impossible. Yes, it's busipess-distinctly important business! known man in a paval uiform, and the And, if you don't mind, I fancy it would be as well if we were to get away as soon as possible."

She was half way down the stairs before her aunt had time to remonstrate. As the motor slid down the street, a tall, bronzed figure hurrying along the pavement paused to look after it.

"If I didn't happen to know that Kitty was making tea in my lodgings, I should have said that the girl in that car was uncommonly like her; but you never can tell with those bewildering motor veils!" Jack Hereford concluded, as he turned into his street in such a hurry that he nearly overturned a

small boy laden with a paper bag. her money bags have won!" "Please, sir, it's the cakes-and-the kettle's boiling, sir, but the ladies have then a window was closed, and the gone !" voices died into a subdued murmur,

"Gone!" echoed Jack Hereford.

"Yes, sir. The young lady was telephoned for most unexpected. She left word that she would write you this ma'am? Mistress is in the garden evening, and-please, sir, what must I room," said the woman; and Kitty

do with the cakes?" Waterford followed her down a quaint "Oh, hang the cakes!" exclaimed stone passage and into a room that Jack Hereford, as he mounted the opened on to a wide versuds. stairs to his chambers and paused on

and disappeared, leaving Kitty in an apparently empty room.

"Please come out here," said a some what querulous voice from behind the leafy screen of the veranda, and her cheeks glowing with indignation at such a reception, Kitty swept across the room and stepped through the open French window. Then she paused, and drew a sharp breath, as she caught sight of a fragile, crippled figure stretched on a couch at the further end of the veranda.

"Won't you sit down?" said a harsh childish voice; and as she sank into a chair and met the gaze of the invalid's somber, dark eyes, in which the anguish of a woman's soul seemed to protest against its prisoning in the crippled body, a sob rose in Kitty Waterford's throat, and, obeying a sudden impulse, she took the girl's thin hand in both her own.

"Don't! I-I hate you!" said the girl, passionately. "Till you came, I had Jack all to myself-ever since that day when the motor car was smashed and he picked us up-dad and mother and me. They thought I was unconscious, but I knew dad was killed, and I heard Mr. Hereford promise mother to look after me-and when she died in the hospital and-and-they said I should always be like this-

"I know," said Kitty Waterford, soft-"Jack told me about it; but I thought from what he said, that you were quite a tiny child."

"So I am, in his eyes-and-andcan't you, with your woman's heart, understand how that hurts? To know that one is a woman, with all a woman's power of loving and sufferingand-and-to be like this!"

The girl buried her head in a cushion as she spoke, and as the movement prived of Kitty's society for an hour revealed the piteous misshapen shoulders, Kitty Waterford flung herself on her knees beside the couch and laid her "Yes, sir?" came a muffled voice, as hand on the girl's hair.

the boy appeared in the doorway ob-There was silence for a few moviously gulping down a huge piece of ments, broken only by the call of a robin from the garden; then suddenly "By the way, did Dr. Roberts ring the girl raised her bowed head and, brushing the tears from her eyes, said, "I don't know, sir. The young lady with a little strangled laugh that was said she would attend to the telemore pitiful than tears:

"I'm dreadfully disappointed that I can't hate you as much as I meant to. I tried to think you were ugly and horrid, and that Jack was marrying you solely for money; and I told him that if he ever brought you to see me I would tell you so to your face; andand, in fact, I was horribly jealous of

"But no more so than I was of you." interrupted Kitty Waterford.

"You jealous of me?" said the girl, her dark eyes full of bewilderment. "Yes," said Kitty, softly. "I was horribly, furiously jealous, and when I heard Dr. Roberts say that Jack was determined that his marriage should make no difference as far as you were

concerned---" "Did he say that-really?" interrupted the girl, eagerly.

"Yes. And he meant it, too, andand-so do I, Felicie, and you must try not to hate me any more."

"I don't think that would be so very difficult," said the invalid, with a somewhat tremulous smile. Then they were roused by the sharp click of the garden gate and a firm step

on the graveled path. "We're here, Jack!" the invalid called in a clear, vibrant voice, and Jack Hereford stepped on the veranda to find Kitty Waterford holding the girl's

hand in both her own, A couple of hours later as the motor slid along the road in the darkness,

Jack Hereford said: "Roberts was dreadfully afraid be'd expression of the pretty mouth, while put his foot in it about that telephone message, dearest, but I told him it her eyes, staring straight in front of would be all right, as I knew you her, saw but little of the lovely autumn would be friends. And though, of landscape for the blur of unshed tears course, Felicie is a rather difficult child to understand----It was not until the car swerved into

"One is hardly a child at 18, dear," interpolated Kitty Waterford,

"Well, perhaps not-in the ordinary hedge, that the girl roused herself. way: but somehow I never think of "You can walt for me at the botton Felicie as being grown up. She flies of the lane," she said, dismissing the chauffeur. Then she unlatched the into rages about trifles, and-and, in fact, she has no end of childish ways, white gate, walked swiftly down the path, and paused for a moment on the and-" edge of a trim lawn to take in the

"A woman's heart," supplemented Kitty, softly,

beauty of the low, white house, steeped "Oh. Felicle is affectionate enough in the glow of the evening sunlight. when once you get to know her," said Suddenly from an open window Jack Hereford, cheerfully. "And as came the sound of a woman's voice singing Tosti's "Good-bye," and as the she's evidently taken a great fancy to you, darling, it shows the poor little rich, low notes broke the stillness. Kitsoul's heart is in the right place ty Waterford stood as if spellbound doesn't it?" till, with the final "Good-bye forever;

"I wonder!" said Kitty Waterford, softly.-Pennsylvania Grit,

Only Woman Violin Maker.

Denver is in the possession of the only woman violinmaker of the world, says the Post of that city, Alvina de Ferenczy, 16 years old, daughter of Kaa cap, who, after ushering the visitor roly de Ferenczy, who is noted throughout Europe for his marvelous repair work and unexcelled violins.

Miss de Ferenczy started to work in her father's workshop at Budapest, Hungary, when she was a mere baby and could only make-believe work. Two years ago, at the age of 14, when her father discovered her intention to foltwo masculine ones-the one an unlow his profession could not be altered. he put her at the bench, where she soon became an excellent repairer.

A little spot of angry color glowed on Kitty Waterford's cheek, as she rec-While the family lived in Kansas City Miss de Ferenczy built three violins, modeled after the old Cremonas, graph that adorned her own dressing table; and she was busy examining the and has just completed her fourth in her father's violin shop. Her father's woman's picture, when the sound of name is inscribed inside the vielln as, her own name, uttered in an angry so long as he directs her, the violins

are his Cremona models. Miss de Ferenczy works because she wants to, not because she must. Last week she did a piece of repair work for the Denver owner of a famous old violin, receiving \$25 for her labor. She hopes one day to be universally recognized all the great violinists and to do their work for them.

Cement in British Construction,

Re-enforced cement is now the favorite material with British builders of arge chimneys. One already completed in London is 250 feet high, with a base 20 feet square, and a projected one at Northfleet will be 247 feet high and 816 feet in diameter, with a foundation 18 feet square.

It beats all how many people pick "Miss Waterford!" said the woman, out bad days for picnics.



He-So your busband has given up smoking. That wants a pretty strong will. She-Well, I've got one .- Punch.

Daughter-She seems to have got over the death of her first husband. Father-Yes, but her second husband hasn't .- Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Smalltown-Would you accept a place in the suburbs? Cook-I'll consider it if yez have room in your garage for me motor.—Town Topics. "What did you thing of that girl at

her coming-out party?" "Well, to be perfectly frank, I thought she'd better go back!"-Leslie's Weekly. Mother-But what do you expect to

do later, my son, if you never learn to write? Son-Oh, that will be all right. I'll buy a typewriter.—Silhouette. "May I call you Mabel?" he asked

at their second meeting, pretending to be badly smitten. "If you wish to; but my name is Gertrude."-Chicago Record-Herald. Candidate for Crew-Could you tell

me where the rhetoric class is being held? Candidate for Football-I don't know; I'm a student here myself .-Town Toples. Employer-This makes the fourth

grandmother of yours that has died this spring. Office Boy-I know it; ain't these family troubles fierce -Cornell Widow.

Snooks-To what do you attribute your success as a tradesman? Sellem -If a customer doesn't see what he wants. I make him want what he sees. -Illustrated Bits. "What's become of your umbrella?"

"I loaned it to Tompkins." "Why doesn't be return it?" "The owner caught him with it and demanded it." -Milwankee Sentinel. "Father, do all angels have wings?"

"No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said, sweetly, that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late!-Atlanta Constitution. Teacher-How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugu-

rated? Scholar-I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there !- Lippincott's Magazine. "Do you think cabbage is unwhole some?" asked the dyspeptic. "It de

pends somewhat," answered the food expert, "on whether you eat it or try to smoke it."-Washington Star. "Mrs. Rogers is a perfect slave to her husband." "What does she do?"

"Would you believe it? Every year, on his birthday, she gets up in time to eat breakfast with him."-Leslie's Weekly. Teacher-You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond

of mud. Well, Tom? Tom (shameof our big dog? The Parson (very thin) decreasing. It might well have been No, my dear. He would not make much of a meal off me. Mabel-Oh, Nevada?"

but he likes bones best.—Chicago Daily News. "A tramp fell into the water tank of a locomotive and rode twenty-seven miles without being discovered." "Was he unconscious when found?" "No. Unrecognizable."-Cleveland Plain

Dealer. month ago that her new gown was State. going to be a dream. Polly-Well, that By doing so they became virtual pos is all it is, so far. Her husband won't sessors of the rest of the State. No one give her the money for it.-Somerville else could use the public land or make

Journal. Yonkers Statesman.

began the merciful court. "Great tion-a hopeless one. Public-spirited Scott, Jedge!" exclaimed the prisoner, men had attempted to induce immigra "ef I'd knowed chicken stealing was a tion and to encourage the development hanging offense I wouldn't have stole." of their State, but their work come to -Philadelphia Ledger.

"Which do you prefer," said the artistic young woman, "music or poetry?" "Poetry," answered Miss Cayenne. "You can keep poetry shut up in a book. You don't have to listen to it unless you choose."-Washington Star.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the weary wayfarer, "but I don't know where my next meal is coming from." "Neither do I," replied the prosperouslooking individual. "My cook left this morning, too."-Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, madam," said the French mald, 'Fido weel not eat ze bon-bons." "The Give them to the children."-New York

Polities in Domestic Life.

A story is told of a Bradford County | The first section of the Truckee politician (the sharp and shifty kind) Carson project has been completed and who was urged by his wife to hoe the the settlers are now farming the fergarden. He couldn't think of any very tile land in eighty-acre homesteads. good reason, so he went at it. Soon By next year 150,000 acres of this he came in with a silver quarter he project will be under irrigation. said he had found. He washed it, put it in his pocket and went back. In a few minutes he showed up with another that she had hoed while he slept, and ligners. that she had failed to find any buried treasure.-Milton Standard.

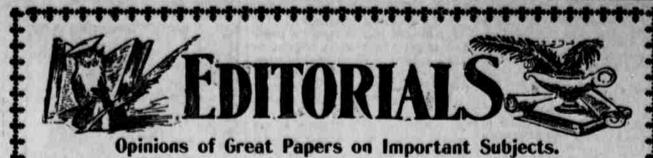
Chance to Prove Himself. She-I would never marry a man

your approval?

enough

who was a coward. He-About how brave would it be necessary for him to be in order to win

She-Well, he'd have to have courage to-er-propose. - Chicago



HONORARY DEGREES.

LTHOUGH the custom of conferring degrees originated in the universities of the middle ages, there existed at a much earlier date certain scholastic distinctions which are believed to indicate an organized educational system. For example, the "doctors" with whom Jesus was found disputing in the

Temple when He was 12 years old, and the scribes with whom He came in contact later, are generally regarded as men upon whom the formal educational system of the time had set its official label.

The medieval universities, existing in the midst of a populace unable either to read or write, established their formal degrees as a sort of guarantee that the holder was competent to teach. But in time it came to be recogpized, even by the universities, that native ability and application are often as effective as academic training; and so originated the custom of conferring honorary degrees upon men who have achieved distinction by their own unnided efforts.

The situation remains unchanged to this day, but as education has broadened, the number of kinds of degrees has increased. There are now reckoned to be thirty-four which are commonly conferred, conveying distinctions which range all the way from doctor of philosophy to veterinary surgeon.

Much of the former objection to honorary degrees has ceased to have point within the last few years. The tendency to translate Ph. D. as donor of phunds, and to confer other honors without much warrant, has greatly decreased. Several of the more important colleges held a conference on the matter a few years ago, and made a successful effort to simplify the matter. Other institutions are following their lead, and at present there is little to complain of-unless it be the occasional amusing attempt of some little college to gain distinction by putting its tag on a big man. That reminds one of the high school boy's essay which begun, "In my opinion Julius Caesar was a great man."-Youth's Companion.

CUTTING DOWN INSURANCE SALARIES.



HE Wisconsin life insurance law has some excellent features, not the least of which is the provision that no insurance company which pays any of its officers or agents more than \$20,000 a year shall do business in that State, Big insurance companies will object to this, for \$20,000 a year seems

a small income to some of their officials. But the people will approve it. They are unable to understand why the services of an insurance man are worth more than those of a United States Senator, who is willing to serve for \$8,000 a year, or those of judges, mayors, legislators. governors and other public officials, none of whom is paid as much as \$20,000 a year.

Indeed, the president of one large insurance company

has been drawing \$8,000 a year as a United States Senator for some years past, and has not complained of inadequate compensation. Why should he be paid \$100,-000 a year as an insurance president?

Salaries in insurance companies are great because the insurance business is largely graft. The companies get money easily and do not know how to spend it, so they give their officials large amounts every year. There is no reason in the intricacy and difficulty of insurance affairs why men who conduct them should be highly paid. Any man of ordinary business sense could manage an insurance company, and such men can be had for ordinary salaries.

Wisconsin has taken a step in the right direction in ordering that no enormous salaries shall be permitted in companies operating there. Insurance companies are for the benefit of policy holders, and their interests should be protected against senseless extravagance. Other States will eventually follow Wisconsin's example and the insurance business of the country will sooner or later be reformed .- Cincinnati Post,

HARRY VAUGHAN'S SERMON FROM THE GALLOWS

HE criminal does not think correctly. If all men were wise; none would be criminal. It all seems plain to me now." This from Harry Vaughan, under sentence

of death for murder, speaking from the very shadow of the gallows. He was leader of the mutiny of 1905 in the Missouri penitentiary, at Jefferson City, in which two prison guards were killed. He knew whereof he spoke. His past entitled

him to rafk as an expert witness to the truth of the statement that crime does not pay. The criminal, despite the numerous admonitions and warnings that come to him before he takes the last and fatal step, imagines that somehow he can make crime pay. If he did not think so, he would not be a criminal,

It is because he thinks so that he is a criminal. That it is not necessary for him to think so-that his thought in this respect may be changed, corrected, reversed, is proved by the thousands of criminals who have reformed; is demonstrated even in the case of Harry Vaughan, to whom it all seemed so plain as he stood

ready to leave this world. Experience is a hard master, and yet, in some instances it is the only master that can obtain a hearing. Harry Vaughan wou'd not learn from any other master, nor would he learn from experience until experience came to him with the hour glass and the scythe. Then it all seemed clear to him. Then only could he see that if all

men were wise none would be criminal. Only when the noose was swaying above him could he clearly comprehend what all the experience of all the ages had been trying to make plain to him and to others like him, that the wages of sin is death.-Chicago Inter

STATE WAS IN PAWN.

Nevada Said to Have Been in That Condition Five Years Ago.

Five years ago Nevada was a State in pawn. She had been stolen, says facedly) -That's me.-Chicago Trib- Successful American. The entire population was not sufficient to constitute Mabel (aged six)-Ain't you afraid a third-rate western town, and it was asked then, "What's the matter wit

The trouble grew out of Nevada's public land grant, amounting to 2,000, 000 acres, which Congress had care lessly authorized the State to select as desired. The Nevada Legislature practically put the land up at auction. and the result was that a few stockmen bought enough land to shoestring and surround and absolutely control Dolly-Molly Wolcott told me a every river, lake and water hole in the

settlement because of their control of "And do you have to be called in all the water, and in Nevada water is the morning?" asked the lady who was the life blood of the land. Sixty millabout to engage a new girl. "I don't ion acres were controlled and in effect has to be, mum," replied the applicant, owned by about a million acres and "unless you happens to need me."- not an opportunity for a single 161acre homestead.

"Your sentence is to be suspended," Five yeads ago this was the situa aaught and they had quit. There was no chance.

Yet all the time there was still a great water supply running to waste annually. The perennial flow of the rivers and streams was entirely utilized, but the floods from the melting of the mountain snows swept away uselessly to the sea.

Viewing the situation as it was then, who would have dared to predict that with the passage of the national irrigation act could have occurred the great transformation and development in Nevada, and if it had been predict ed who would have believed it? Of the dear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaim- \$37,000,000 government reclamation ed Mrs. Rich. "There must be some fund Nevada has thus far received her thing wrong with those bonbons, Cloe. fair share, and the completion of the great project upon which the Federal engineers are now working will more than quadruple the already increased population of the State.

Swiss War on Absinthe.

Switzerland is making a campaign coin, this time a half dollar. He said against the use of absinthe, the intenthere must be a barried treasure in that tion being to drive all liquor of that garden. He uncarthed a couple of character from Swiss territory. The dimes and another quarter. Being secretary of the campaign committee very tired, he announced his intention said a short time ago that 80,202 sigof taking a nap, and duly went to sicep, natures had already been obtained for When he awoke his wife had a danger- the petition asking for a stringent Fedous and steely glint in her eye, but the eral law to the above effect, and now garden was all heed. It is mistrusted there are probably more than 100,000 a cross arose from the ground between

> Why He Wanted Her. "Stop!" commanded Miss Nurox.

with a disdainful sniff. "The idea of your proposing to a lady in my station of life. You ought to know better!" "Well," replied Mr. Hunter, "I do know better, but no richer."-Philadel-

You can't help liking the woman who has a reputation of being a "good hand in case of sickness."

"OUIDA" REPORTED IN POVERTY.



Notwithstanding the repeated denials which have been made of the fact that "Oulda," the famous novelist, is in great financial straits-in actual poverty, to put it plainly-the fact remains that she is in deep distress, and that she is living in a hovel just outside of this beautiful and historic city, writes a Florence, Italy, correspondent. This is the real reason for the granting of an annual pension of \$750 a year by the British government.

Miss Louise de la Ramee, better known as "Ouida," made an immense fortune out of her novels, "Under Two Flags," "Strathmore," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," and others, but all of this has been spent in fighting lawsuits and in charitable gifts and eccentric expenditures. But even in poverty she never complained, and it was her friends who brought about the recent action by the British government.

The above photograph was taken very recently and shows the celebrated authoress exactly as she is to-day in old age.

HOLY ROOD TO BE RESTORED.

teed for the Purpose.

A sum of £40,000, or about \$200,000, is said to have been guaranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the royal palace of the same name, a little outside Edin- James II. (of Scotland), King James

Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as of Rizzlo is not within the abbey inapproximate.

According to the legend, King David , who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunt ing party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Suddenly, says the Rosary Magazine, the form of the beast and the monarch; and the stag, affrighted, fled. The cross remained on the spot. Its material substance was a mystery to those who examined it.

This occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the king ordained that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent. He decreed that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood and gave it in the care of the canons regular of St. Augustine.

the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the have of the great abbey. Its walls were lofty, tls windows tall and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls' include those of King David L. King V. and his queen, Magdalen, Henry Lord Darnley and many other members of the Scottish, notility. The grave closure, but in a passage leading to the quadrangle of the palace,

On Account.

"That's the worst paying family I ver attended," said the first doctor. "Yes, I used to attend them, but I never succeeded in getting a penny out

of them." "Well, I've had better luck. I got a pickel out of one of the children after it had nearly choked the kid to death." -Philadelphia Press.

Perhaps He Will Do Better Later. Proud Father-John wrote home from the city last week that he is making good money now,

Cynical City Man-Yes. It's only \$4 a week, but it's real, genuine money,-Somerville Journal.

If you let others do your bragging What remains of the abbey is called for you, it isn't so apt to be overdone.